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ATOMIC WAR!



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THIS IS THE SECOND ISSUE OF ATOMIC WAR. THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK IS CLEAR. WE WANT EVERYONE--FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE--TO KNOW THE UTTER DEVASTATION THAT ANOTHER WAR WILL BRING TO ALL, THE JUST AS WELL AS THE UNJUST. WE HOPE THAT ALL WHO READ THIS MAGAZINE WILL THINK ABOUT THIS--AND PRAY THAT WHAT YOU SEE HERE WILL NEVER HAPPEN.

THE EDITORS

OPERATION

VENGEANCE

High above the frozen, desolate wastes of Greenland, a mighty crescendo of screaming jet engines fused with the arctic blasts as the B-29 heavy bomber group swept toward its rendezvous over Cape Jessur. The answer to the haunting, devastating A-bomb attacks on New York, Detroit and Chicago was under way, a mission of unparalleled danger in the history of air warfare, so daring in scope as to label it suicidal. Yet every man, from pilot to gunner, had volunteered in full knowledge that he was gambling his life in a tremendous game of chance, and no one knew this better than Colonel Steve Ranshaw, the group commander, aboard the lead bomber...

SLOANE, PARIS--TIGHTEN YOUR FORMATIONS / WE'LL PULL CLOSE ALL THE WAY / AIR SPEED FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE UNTIL WE RENDEZVOUS!

ROGER, COLONEL / PULL 'EM IN, BOYS!

CAPTAIN SLOANE TO "C" SQUADRON / GET THOSE WINGTIPS PRACTICALLY SCRAPING!

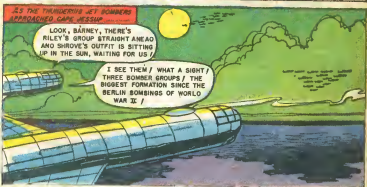
IN COLONEL RANSHAW'S PLANE, "THE 18LD"...

YOU MISSED THIS, LOU! IT CAME IN TWO HOURS AGO BY COURIER!

LOOKS LIKE PENTAGON STUFF / ANYTHING IMPORTANT?

HEY, YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME / THEY GAVE YOU A STAR / YOU'RE A GENERAL NOW / WAIT A SEC... IT SAYS HERE YOU'VE BEEN DESIGNATED AS FIELD COMMANDER / YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ON THIS MISSION!

THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, HAIL OUT?



THE NORTHERN TIP OF GREENLAND BOWLED INTO THE HORIZON AS THE ARMADA FORMED.

RANSHAW TO RILEY AND SHROVE / WE HEAD NORTH, NORTHEAST TILL WE REACH THE POLE / ALLOW FOR MAGNETIC DEFLECTION. FROM THERE IT'S SOUTH, SOUTHWEST AT THIRTY THOUSAND FEET. AIR SPEED FOUR--

NINE - 0 /
NORTH, NORTHEAST...
WE'VE GOT IT, WILCO!

AT THIRTY THOUSAND...
RIGHT / WE'VE GOT A NICE DAY, RANSHAW!

HOURS LATER, AS THE RUGGED SIBERIAN COAST APPEARED.

OXYGEN UP TWO POINTS / GUNNERS TEST YOUR WEAPONS / WE'RE NEARING ENEMY TERRITORY!



IN THE WAIST OF THE HEMP PLANE

HEY, POVACK, HOW ARE THE GUNS?

LISTEN TO 'EM / THAT'S REAL MIG POISON / I HOPE I GET A CRACK AT THEM RUSSKIES / I GOT A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THEM!



WHEN THE REDS OVERRAN
POLAND IN 1945, THEY PUT
MY WHOLE FAMILY AGAINST
THE WALL AND KILLED 'EM.
MY MOTHER AND I WERE
THE ONLY ONES TO
ESCAPE!

THEY STILL ARE
KILLING PEOPLE, OR
SENDING THEM TO
CONCENTRATION
CAMPS! DON'T WORRY,
POVACK, YOU'LL GET
YOUR CHANCE!



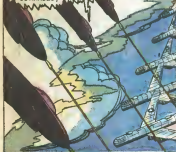
MOMENTS LATER, AS THE URALS CAME IN SIGHT...

ENEMY FIGHTERS
COMING IN FAST
AT TWELVE
O'CLOCK!

ATTENTION ALL GROUPS!
TIGHTEN YOUR FORMATIONS!
WE'VE MADE CONTACT WITH
THE ENEMY!



COLONEL YARASLAV TO SQUADRON!
THE AMERICAN DOGS MUST BE
DESTROYED! TO VICTORY,
COMRADES!



THE NIB'S DREW FIRST BLOOD...



GOOD WORK, PETROV! WE
WILL TEACH THE SWINE
A LESSON!

DA, NOW WE ATTACK
THE SQUADRON
LEADERS!



**RANSWIR'S SHIP, THE IBLOO, WAS SAVAGELY
ATTACKED...**

WOW, THEY'RE
GIVING US THE
BUSINESS!

I'VE GOT ONE IN MY SIGHTS!
HE'S HEADED RIGHT THIS WAY!



POMCK'S LONG BURST STRUCK THE GAS TANK...



CHALK UP ONE FOR US, REG!
WE'LL START A JUNK YARD IN
THE URALS!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...



RANSHAW, WE'VE
LOST TWELVE
SHIPS/ AT THIS
RATE...

I KNOW... ATTENTION
ALL GROUPS/SQUADRON
LEADERS, TAKE CENTRAL
POSITIONS. REGROUP TO
COVER! I WANT THE SQUADRON
LEAD TO BE PROTECTED AT
ALL COSTS!

IN CAPTAIN SLOANE'S SQUADRON LEAD PLANE...



NO, BUT YOU KNOW
WHAT WE GOT SITTING
IN THE BOMB BAY/ THAT
A-BOMB HAS TO BE
NURSED ALONG
RANSHAW DOESN'T WANT
TO LOSE US!

WHAT'S A IDEA OF
PULLING US BACK
IN CENTRAL POSITION?
DOES THE OLD MAN
THINK BOMBERS
CAN ACT LIKE
FIGHTERS?

BUT THE EFFECT ON OTHER PLANES WASN'T THE SAME...



HERE COME
THE MG'S AGAIN! WHY
WERE WE SENT UP -
STARS TO COVER
RANSHAW'S TAIL?

I DUNNO, BUT I FEEL LIKE
A CLAY DUCK SITTING HERE!
THE OLD MAN MUST BE GETTING
CHICKEN/ HE'S NOT THE
ONLY ONE WHO WANTS TO
GET BACK WITH A WHOLE
SKIN!

AS THE MG'S MADE A LAST DESPERATE ATTACK ON RANSHAW'S PLANE...



GUNNERS GET THOSE MG'S!
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE HIT!



WOW, THEY'RE GETTING HOT!
NOW I'M GONNA BURN HIS
JETS OFF!

6000 BUNNIES, POVACK /
YOU GOT TWO OF 'EM!

THANKS, COLONEL / I'LL
TAKE CARE OF ANYTHING
THAT COMES WITHIN
RANGE!



SUDDENLY, THE MISS ZOOMED OFF...

THE RUSSKIES
ARE TAKING
OFF!

THEY'LL BE BACK / WE'RE
STILL TWO HUNDRED MILES
FROM OUR FIRST TARGET,
SVERDLOVSK!



FIFTY MILES FROM THE SVERDLOVSK I.P. (VIRTUAL POINT)

HOLY COW /
ABOUT A
HUNDRED REDS
COMING BACK
AT US, TURNER!

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE
TO THAT TARGET / IT'LL BE
A MIRACLE IF WE GET
THROUGH!



ATTENTION, SLOANE—RANSHAW
SPEAKING! YOU'LL LEAD THE FIRST RUN
OVER SVERDLOVSK; YOU'RE NOW
APPROACHING YOUR I.P.!

I'LL BE GLAD TO UNLOAD
THIS HIGH-POWERED EGG
WE'RE CARRYING / SET
THE AUTOPILOT, TURNER!



SUDDENLY...

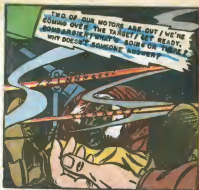
OOOOOOWW!

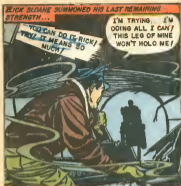
GUNNERS, GET
THOSE MISS!



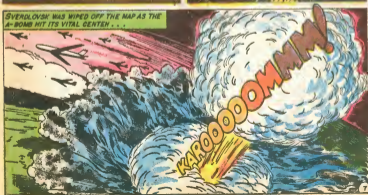
THEY'VE KNOCKED OUT OUR OXYGEN
SUPPLY / I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE SHIP
DOWN OR WE'LL ALL BE GONERS!







SYVERDOVSK WAS WIPE OFF THE MAP AS THE A-BOMB HIT ITS VITAL CENTER...



THE SHRUNKEN ARMADA ROARED ON TOWARD THE NEXT TARGET, CHELYABINSK, ANOTHER RED A-BOMB STORAGE DEPOT...

WE'VE LOST HALF OUR PLANES, STEVE, AND THE MIGS ARE COMING UP AGAIN!

WE CAN'T TURN AROUND AND GO HOME NOW, RAMSHAW TO PARIS! YOUR TARGET COMES UP IN TWENTY MINUTES! GET SET!



ABOARD CAPTAIN SAM PARIS' PLANE...

THAT RAMSHAW MUST BE A COLD-BLOODED FISH, SENDING US IN LIKE THIS WITHOUT COVER! WHEN I THINK OF RICK SLOANE... BRUEN!

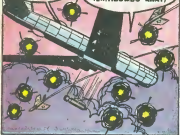
SHUT UP AND SET THAT AUTO-PILOT! RAMSHAW'S DOING A JOB! HE CAN'T AFFORD TO GET SENTIMENTAL!



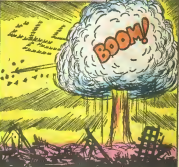
TWENTY MINUTES LATER... AFTER A HAIL OF FLAK AND A HUNDRED MIG PASSES...

YOU READY, HIGGINS? THAT FLAK'S COMING UP LIKE MAD!

I'M COUNTING NOW... TRYING TO SEE THROUGH THE FLAK... WE'RE OVER... EIGHT, NINE, TEN... BOMBS AWAY!



CHELYABINSK WAS LEFT A MOLTEN INFERNO AS THE SUPER A-BOMB HIT...



WILD REACTION FOLLOWED ABOARD PARIS' BOMBER...

WE DID IT! WE DID IT! WE REALLY CLOBBERED THEM!

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON, HIGGINS! WE MUST HAVE HIT THE MAIN STORAGE DEPOT!



BUT THEIR JOY WAS SHORTLIVED, FOR SUDDENLY...



PARIS, WE'RE HIT! THE MIG CHOPPED OFF OUR TAIL!

BAIL OUT, EVERYONE! I'LL FIGHT THE SPIN UNTIL YOU ALL HIT THE GUN!



HEATED FEELINGS EXPLODED RANSHAW'S ANNOUNCE-
MENT

I THINK
THE OLD MAN'S GONE
NUTS / NOW CAN WE
HOPE TO REACH MOSCOW
WITH ONLY FIVE
BOMBERS, HUH?

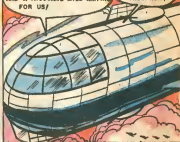
I DUNNO. IT SURE
SOUNDS SCREWY, BUT
SOMETIMES THE NERVIEST
PLANS WORK OUT WHEN THE
CAREFUL ONES FAIL!



ON BOARD COLONEL RILEY'S SHIP, HOURS LATER...

OF ALL THE HARE-BRAINED
MISSIONS... MOSCOW! THEY
MUST HAVE TEN THOUSAND GUNS
AND A THOUSAND MIGS WAITING
FOR US!

WE'RE AN HOUR
AWAY / OH... OH...
HERE COME THE
MIGS NOW!



A STORM OF CANNON AND ROCKET FIRE BURST
OVER THE FIVE PLANES...

RILEY'S GOING DOWN
IN FLAMES / THEY'VE
RIPPED SHROVE'S WING
OFF... IT'S PURE
MURDER!

WE'RE ON THE I.P. /
JUST A FEW MORE
MINUTES, HANG ON!



A ROCKET HIT ONE
OF OUR MOTORS / WHY
DON'T WE BAIL OUT!

LOFT... GET AWAY FROM
THE CONTROLS / WE'RE
GOING THROUGH!



I DON'T WANT TO
DIE / WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT / I...
OOWWWW!



WE'RE CARRYING THE
BIGGEST PAYLOAD OF ALL!
WE'LL HIT MOSCOW IF I
HAVE TO SIT ON THAT
BOMB AND FLY IT
DOWN MYSELF!

RANSHAW PUT THE GIANT BOMBER INTO A
SCREAMING DIVE...



BOMBS
AWAY!

SECONDS AFTER THE HUGE BOMB STRUCK THE
CAPITAL CITY OF THE COMMUNIST WORLD.



WHAT KIND OF DEVILISH
THING WERE WE
CARRYING, RANSHAW?
THAT WASN'T AN
A-BOMB! IT...IT'S
A HUNDRED TIMES
MORE POWERFUL!

NO, IT WASN'T AN
A-BOMB. WE DROPPED
THE FIRST HYDROGEN
BOMB EVER USED! THAT'S
WHY THIS PLANE HAD TO
GET THROUGH! NOW WE'RE
HEADED FOR TURKEY
AND SAFETY!



AS THE LONE BOMBER LIMPED TOWARD TURKEY...

EVERYTHING IS
SMASHED BACK
THERE, SIR! MY
GUNS ARE OUT!
IS THERE ANY WAY
I CAN HELP?

OUR FRONT TURRET IS
RIPPED OPEN AND THE GUNNER
IS DEAD. SEE WHAT YOU CAN
DO UP THERE! ONE MIB IS
STILL TRYING TO MAKE
A KILL!



IN THE WRECKED FORWARD TURRET, ICY BLASTS TORE AT POVACK'S HANDS...

THAT MIG IS INTENT ON SUICIDE / I'VE GOT TO BLAST HIM / BUT MY FINGERS ARE FROZEN / I CAN'T SQUEEZE THE TRIGGERS!

POVACK EXERTED SUPERHUMAN EFFORT...

AT THIS RANGE... I CAN'T MISS / GOT HIM!

BOOM!

WE'VE BEEN HIT TOO HARD... I'VE GOT TO TAKE HER DOWN... PREPARE TO DITCH!

THE HUGE, CRIPPLED BOMBER, DITCHED IN THE SEA, FLOATED LONG ENOUGH TO ENABLE THE SURVIVORS TO BE PICKED UP...

POVACK, WE'RE SAFE! IT'S THE TURKISH NAVY... OUR ALLIES!

ALLIES? FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT THE RUSSIANS HAD US. I WAS ALL READY TO LET GO!

SOME HOURS LATER, AT ALLIED MILITARY HEAD-QUARTERS IN ISTANBUL...

RANSBOW, DID YOU GET THROUGH?

WE GOT THROUGH. I'VE GOT TO GIVE DETAILS NOW. I'LL JUST SHOW YOU! THERE!... THERE!... AND THERE!

WAS IT POSSIBLE? HOW COULD IT BE DONE?

THE COST OF HUMAN LIFE AND PLANES WAS ENORMOUS. I'LL NEVER FORGET IT! BUT IT'S TRUE! EVERLOVSKY AND SHELYABSKY, THE A-BOMB GENTS... NO MOSCOW ARE SAVED! WE'VE CHANGED THE MAP OF RUSSIA!

THE END

The ICE-BOX INVASION

EVERY DAY FOR THREE WEEKS NOW WE'VE BEEN MUSHING THROUGH THESE BLIZZARDS! THE MEN ARE CRACKING UNDER THE STRAIN! WHAT'S COLONEL MCCOBB DRIVING US SO HARD FOR, LIEUTENANT BLAKE?

I DUNNO, SERGEANT. HE SAYS HE'S TOUGHENING US UP! BUT I'M GOING AND FEO UP! I WANNA GET OUT OF THIS ICEBOX BEFORE I LOSE MY MIND!

LATER, OUTSIDE THE GARRISON...

C'MON, GET THOSE SKIS OFF AND FALL IN! WE'VE GOT CLOSE ORDER DRILL FOR AN HOUR BEFORE CHOW!

MY ACHIN' BACK! WE DO TWENTY MILES THIS MORNING! I CAN'T LIFT MY DOGS! WHAT'S THIS CRAZY FACE FOR?

LIEUTENANTS BLAKE AND GUS ANDREWS WATCHED THE WEARY MEN...

GUS, I CAN'T TAKE THIS GAFF ANY MORE! I'M SEEING THE OLD MAN ABOUT A TRANSFER!

I'M COMIN' WITH YOU! I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS—ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS DEEP FREEZE!

OF ALL THE FAR-FLUNG OUTPOSTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES, ALASKA WAS THE ROUGHEST. BLEAK, LONELY, RIPPED BY BLIZZARDS AND FROZEN BY SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES, ITS NICKNAME—"THE ICEBOX"—GIVEN IT BY THE G. I.'S STATIONED THERE, WAS WELL DESERVED. AT A STRATEGIC ARMY BASE AND JET FIGHTER FIELD NEAR SEWARD, THE SEVENTY-THIRD MOUNTAIN REGIMENT WAS ON A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR ALERT SINCE THE SNEAK ATTACK ON AMERICAN CITIES. COLONEL PAUL MCCOBB PUSHED HIS MEN TO THE LIMIT, READYING THEM FOR ANY EMERGENCY...

AT HEADQUARTERS.

YEAH, WHAT'S IT NOW?
MORE FROZEN FEET AND
COLDS? I TOLD YOU,
NOBODY'S EXCUSED!

NOT THIS TIME,
COLONEL! WE CAME
TO REQUEST
TRANSFERS!

YEAH? GO ON, I'M
LISTENING-- WHAT
DO YOU WANT
'EM FOR?

WE WANT TO GET OFF THE ICE!
WE'VE BEEN IN DEEP FREEZE
FOR TWENTY-TWO MONTHS.
WE DON'T FEEL HUMAN
ANYMORE!



DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW
IMPORTANT THIS OUTPOST
IS? IT'S THE KEY TO THE
ALCAN HIGHWAY AND VITAL
TO THE ENTIRE ALASKAN
DEFENSE COMMAND!

I DON'T BELIEVE THE
RUSSIANS WOULD WASTE A
MAN TAKING IT / WE'D LIKE
TO GO WHERE WE'D BE
NEEDED MORE, TO A MORE
ACTIVE OUTFIT!

HOW DO YOU THINK
I FEEL? I'VE HAD
THIS COMMAND FOR
THREE YEARS--JUST
WAITING FOR SOMETHING
TO HAPPEN. DO YOU
THINK I LIKE IT ANY
MORE THAN YOU?

WE'LL GO ANYWHERE,
COLONEL! WE'RE NOT
TRYING TO DUCK ACTION.
WE JUST WANT
OUT!

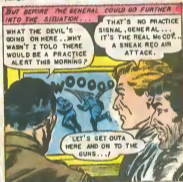
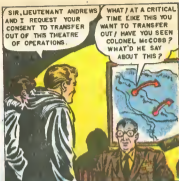


NOT ON YOUR LIFE / YOU'LL
STAY HERE JUST AS LONG AS
THIS OUTFIT DOES / NOW
GET OUT!

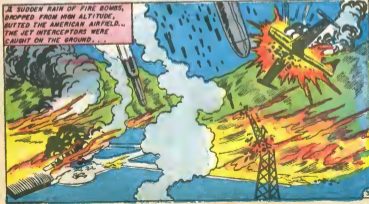
I GUESS THAT
SETTLES THAT!

NO IT DOESN'T / IF YOU'RE
GAME, I KNOW HOW TO SEE
THIS THING THROUGH / I DON'T
CARE IF I'M BUSTED.
NOW LISTEN ...





A SUDDEN RAIN OF FIRE BOMBS, DROPPED FROM HIGH ALTITUDE, HIT THE AMERICAN AIRFIELD... THE JET INTERCEPTORS WERE CAUGHT ON THE GROUND...



MOMENTS AFTER THE INITIAL RAID...

KEEP BLASTING!
THERE'S MORE COMING
A WHOLE FLEET
OF 'EM!

THE FIELD'S
A COMPLETE WRECK!
NONE OF OUR JETS
GOT OFF!

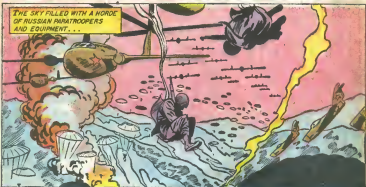
WHAM!



THOSE BIG PLANES
AREN'T BOMBERS!

THEY'RE TROOP
CARRIERS!

THE SKY FILLED WITH A HORDE
OF RUSSIAN PARATROOPERS
AND EQUIPMENT...



FIRE POINT BLANK--RANGE ZERO/
LOAD ATOMIC SHELLS! NOTHIN'
ELSE'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!



NOTHING SEEMS TO
STOP THEM; THEY COME
RIGHT OVER THEIR
OWN DEAD!

KEEP FIRING
THOSE GUNS!



SUDDENLY, A FLIGHT OF RED JET FIGHTERS FLASHED DOWN AND STRAFED THE BATTERIES . . .



BLAKE—THEY
WIPE OUT MY ENTIRE
BATTERY! WE'RE THE
ONLY TWO THAT
GOT AWAY!

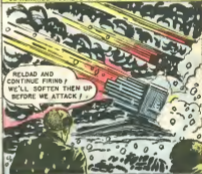
C'MON WITH ME!
WE'LL TRY TO STOP
THEM FROM HERE!



THE REDS SWUNG MULTIPLE ROCKET
LAUNCHERS INTO ACTION . . .



A HUNDRED ROCKETS SPLIT THE AIR IN A SINGLE ROAR



IN THE DEFENSE BUGOUT, AS THE ROCKETS
SCREAMED OVER . . .



COLONEL!
WHAT'RE YOU HOPING
UP FRONT HERE?

I CAME FORWARD TO
GET A QUICK LOOK—SEE
ON OUR DEFENSES!
YOU GUYS WANNA
COMPLAIN ABOUT LACK
OF ACTION NOW?





AT KLUNA PASS...

BLAKE, THE REDS HAVE TO COME THROUGH THIS PASS AFTER US! YOU AND ANDREWS TAKE YOUR BEST MEN AND HOLD 'EM OFF HERE AS LONG AS YOU CAN! I'VE GOT TO REGROUP AND GO IN BEYOND THE PASS!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST, SIR!



THE REAR GUARD WORKED DESPERATELY AGAINST TIME...

WE'LL BURN THIS STUFF IN THE SNOW IN A LONG ARC NEAR THE PASS.

WE'VE NEVER USED TRINITINUM IN THE OPEN BEFORE! IT'LL BLOW EVERYTHING HIGHER 'N A KITE!



THOSE TANKS'LL BE HERE ANY MOMENT! FINISH THE WIRING AND GET BACK TO THE PASS!

ALL SET! RUN THOSE WIRES BACK, MULVANE!



HERE COMES THE RUSSKY COLUMN--THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER...THEY'RE GOING OVER...LET IT RIP!

HERE SHE GOES!

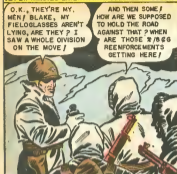


THE POWERFUL LIQUID EXPLOSIVE, A THOUSAND TIMES MORE POTENT THAN DYNAMITE, BLASTED EVERYTHING IN THE SURROUNDING AREA.

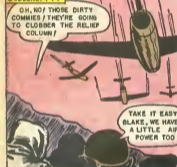




A FEW MINUTES LATER... WITH COLONEL MCCOBB...



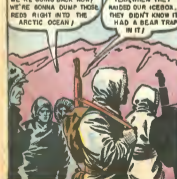
SUDDENLY...



MOMENTS LATER...



WE'RE GOING BACK NOW! WE'RE GONNA DUMP THOSE REDS RIGHT INTO THE ARCTIC OCEAN!



YOU FELLOWS DID A GREAT JOB! NOW, HOW ABOUT THOSE TRANSFERS TO AN ACTIVE DUTY?



THE END

THE SPY FROM CONEY ISLAND!

"This is RI" Murphy yelled. There had been a loud crack, and flames spurted along the wings of our Atomizer, the first atom-power plane to be flown in the 3rd World War.

Below there was a vast expanse of snow, desolate and deserted, as only Russian Siberia can be. At least we thought it was deserted, as we made our routine flight, patrolling from Alaska to the very northern tip of Russia.

There were two men in the plane beside myself—Murphy and Jones. The three of us ran toward the plane door and pushed the lever, the door swung open, we leaped into the frigid air. It wasn't a moment too soon. The ship exploded and fell past us in tiny fragments. Despite the cold, I was drenched in sweat.

Directly below us were a clump of trees. They were our only hope. Somewhere in this lost world was a sniper, just waiting for us to fall at his feet.

Thank God for the new parachutes that could be directed in all weathers and atmospheres, in icy, northern blasts or tropical, windless heat. We landed almost on top of one another, and spurted for the trees. A bullet struck my helmet with a *poing*, and with such force that I almost fell to my knees as the helmet fell off and rolled before me.

The other men's helmets joined mine. The astonishment on our faces might have been funny, if the situation hadn't been so serious. We dove simultaneously into the same clump of prickly bushes.

For a moment all we could do was lie in the snow and gasp. I closed my eyes to overcome the dizziness. When I opened them again, I almost believed that I was dead. I saw two shapely legs, and as I followed them upwards, a woman's figure, and then what I thought was the most beautiful face I had ever seen! Under the fur-lined parka, black hair encircled a perfect face. Black eyes, cold and calculating, stared back at me, but what I didn't like was the gun she held in her steady hands.

"Americans?" The tone was crisp.

It was obvious, I thought, that we were. We wore the regulation green jet suits of the U. S. Airforce.

Our captor's English was almost perfect, except for the trace of an accent. Somewhere I had heard that accent before. But *where?*

"Get up and follow me." Two rough looking Russian soldiers joined her. She waved the gun imperiously.

We tramped through the snow, toward a small ice-covered chateau. We saw the long barrels of huge, atom-powered guns glinting behind the balustrade. I shivered—as I thought of what a nervous trigger finger could do with those guns.

I was glad when we finally entered single file through the gate and into the building itself. I can't say we were exactly ushered into a large drawing room. Rather, we were pushed with the muzzles of the Russians' jet guns. We did not argue with them.

We entered a room of the period of 1940 or '50. Tall, stolid Russians stood all around it, protecting a man who sat at a long refractory table.

"Here they are, comrade. Spies, caught flying over Russian territory, trying to learn the secrets of the Soviet." The girl's voice still held that familiar accent.

"They will never do that again, I'm afraid." The stolid Russian behind the desk, smiled slightly, but the smile made me feel cold in the pit of my stomach. "Let us find out what they wanted to see. Perhaps we can give them a sight-seeing tour. You've done well, Comrade. The Kremlin will be very happy."

My blood began to roar in my ears. This was the enemy. I hated them with the same ferocity that I knew the other two men did. But we wouldn't let them try anything without a good old Irish fight.

I began to hum. It was a signal to Murphy and Jones. Simultaneously, we separated, twinging around to face the guards. It was an old football trick, but it worked. Our tackles knocked down three of the Russians before they could get out their guns.

I let out a whoop and swung. I didn't have time to see what was happening to my buddies. All I wanted suddenly was to strike at that face across the desk. That face! Where had I seen it before? The fury at being unable to remember aroused such power in my swing that with one blow I sent the Russian spinning to the floor. Blood flowed from his mouth.

Then, stars fled across my eyes and blackness crashed down on me. I heard Murphy give a yell, before I went out. . .

It was someplace very dark where I awoke. Beside me, on the cold stone floor, sprawled Murphy and Jones. They grinned at me sheepishly.

"This is one heck of a show, ain't it?" Murphy croaked. "A dame gets hold of us, and here we are in a Russian clink. Tomorrow it's probably the firing squad."

"Yeah! Finnigan, what's the score now?" Jones groaned as he held his aching head.

I didn't know what the score was. But I did know it wasn't good. Meanwhile there was something bothering me in the back of my addled head.

Suddenly, there was a sound outside the iron door. A key scraped in the lock. A tall figure, clothed in

the inevitable parks of the frozen Siberian wastes, appeared and beckoned.

"Come. The master wants to see you."

"Nuts to your master. If he wants us, tell him to come and get us!" Murphy's brogue was becoming stronger. I could tell that he was *really* mad.

Three guards answered the piercing whistle. Strong, ironlike fingers gripped our arms and we left the floor abruptly, not through our own will. We were marched roughly through what seemed like miles of cold stone corridors. Then, abruptly, we were out in the bitter icy winds. It was pitch black outside. My teeth began to chatter.

Murphy and Jones limped beside me. "They don't even wait until morning to shoot you!"

Then, only the single tall figure remained. The three guards had left, but I knew they were lurking somewhere nearby, ready to clout us if we tried anything.

We were led into a small hut. Two people stood talking before the fire. Both of them carried guns. I stared. One of them was the girl. She was still beautiful to me, even though she was the enemy. The man I had hit was beside her. A beauty of a mouse had puffed up his eye. I'd doze *that*, at least!

The two of them waved simultaneously to the tall figure, indicating that he should leave and wait outside.

"Now, sis, I'm afraid this will be a most unpleasant duty. Of course, you know, we'll have to kill you. Spies . . . what unpleasant people to deal with . . . so very tricky. You there, with the red hair. You recognized me, didn't you?"

I snarled a "yes" back at this arrogant Russian. As for the girl . . . she just laughed. That laugh! That did it. I lunged once again toward the man. The girl I wouldn't touch, but that man!

The gun came up in his hands and I felt the sharp twing of pain as the bullet grazed my arm. I stepped back under the impact dizzily.

"Stop it, Finnigan. It won't do any good. Don't worry, it may be taps for us, but don't forget that these two . . . two so-and-soes will get theirs too." Murphy spoke quietly.

Then we heard the sound of a plane landing outside. It was coming in on the snow in the field alongside the hut. Moments later, the tapping of knuckles sounded on the door.

"Come in, comrade."

A tall, burly-looking man entered. He was the plane's pilot.

The Russian kept on speaking. "Here are the three men you are to take in the plane. You know where to go." He turned toward us, bowing. "You see, gentlemen, we have no facilities for taking care of spies here. You will be sent elsewhere. This place is an administrative post, not a firing squad. You will go with him."

He turned to the pilot again. "Thank you, comrade for this help."

The pilot only grunted. He waved his gun in our direction. We knew that outside the three guards were waiting. We hesitated no longer. My head still ached from their agile blackjacks.

We followed the pilot out the door. A long, sleek plane sat on a runway of ice in the snow. The official who had questioned us followed, and as we boarded the plane he handed the pilot a long envelope.

"Here are your orders, Comrade. Be sure to follow them carefully."

There were two guards inside the plane, which was a transport ship for carrying troops. They also carried guns. The guard on my left took the envelope from the pilot and nodded to him.

"We'll handle these kids okay, Butch!"

Murphy, Jones and I stared. That was *American* gab!

As the plane took off and turned north, an envelope was handed to me, a long fat envelope. I tore it open. Inside was another envelope and various papers. On the other envelope was scribbled, "For the tough red-headed guy."

I started to read it aloud. "To three Americans: Please deliver these papers to the Pentagon in Washington. I know you're puzzled, but you'll understand why this is all so secretive. You are being flown to Washington, D. C. right now. These papers contain valuable bombing military secrets. Do not read them, just follow the man who'll meet you at the plane. And, incidentally, red-head, my father and I want you to stop off when you get back to New York and go to Coney Island. That accent you heard when I was talking was just pure Brooklynese. When you get to Coney Island you'll meet people who'll explain all this to you."

The note was signed, "Brooklyn and her Dad."

An icy chill ran up and down my spine. I didn't have to go to Coney Island. I remembered the man now. He was a valuable American spy. We had been briefed to help him. And his daughter . . . she and her dad had run a shooting gallery on the boardwalk. No wonder our helmets flew off when she toted that gun!

Murphy and Jones looked limp. I put my head on my hand. I'd be at Coney Island all right. I'd wait there forever. The pilot looked back and grinned at me.

"It's okay now, boys. We're over the Bering Straights. When I leave you off at Washington, I'm coming back for the prof and his gal. She'll be in Washington before you know it."

I looked out the window and waved my hand toward the south.

"So long, Brooklyn. I'll be waiting for you at the ferris wheel!"

Mission DEMOLITION

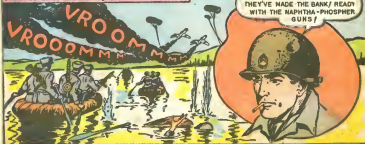
IN EUROPE, THE RED ARMIES HAD ROLLED TO THE RHINE, SWEEPING BEFORE THEM A WEAK, DISORGANIZED UN FORCE. ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN THEM AND THE DRIVE TO THE ATLANTIC WAS THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER. A FEW DAYS LATER, THE RUSSIAN FORCES MOMENTARILY STOPPED, THEN REGROUPED AND RENEWED THE ASSAULT, ATTEMPTING TO GAIN A TOE HOLD IN WESTERN EUROPE AND BEGIN THE FINAL MARCH TO THE SEA...

JEFF, WE'VE GOT A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR THE REDS' NEW PUSH! THEY'RE THROWING EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT INTO THIS!

IF THEY MAKE THE BANK, THEY'LL HAVE BRIDGES ACROSS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM ESTABLISHING A BRIDGEHEAD ON THIS SIDE!



UNDER COVER OF AN IMMENSE, BLACK SMOKE SCREEN...



THAT SMOKE SCREEN DID IT! THEY'VE MADE THE BANK! READY WITH THE NAPHTHA-PHOSPHER GUNS!



DESPITE THE BLASTING FIRE, THE REDS SENSED THE WEAKNESS OF THE U.N. POSITION AND ATTACKED THE CASTLE AGAIN.



WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN SHOOTERS AGAINST THE STUFF THEY'VE GOT / KISS THIS PLACE GOOD-BYE.

WE CAN'T--THEY'RE COMING FROM ALL SIDES! GOTTA STAY DUG IN!



AS THE REDS BROKE THROUGH, THE CASTLE'S DEFENDERS CROPT DEEPER INTO THE RUINS...



THIS LOOKS LIKE AN OLD BURGESS / WHERE DOES IT GO?

STOP! RIGHT AT THIS WALL / BUT I FOUND ~~THE~~ THING YESTERDAY THAT WILL SAVE OUR NECKS!



WOW, LOOKS LIKE AN EDGAR ALLAN POE STORY SCENE / WHERE'S THIS PASSAGE LEAD TO?

GOES ABOUT A MILE WEST--LEADS TOWARDS OUR OWN LINES. LET'S BLOW / I CAN HEAR THOSE RUSSKY BOOTS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS!



JUST A LITTLE FURTHER AND WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE!

I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING BEHIND US GUESS THE REDS HAVEN'T FOUND THE SECRET DOOR.



OKAY, IVAN / SMOOTH THAT GRASS OUT / WE'LL TAKE TEN AND THEN HEAD FOR THE DIVISION C. P.

THAT CRUMBY PASSAGE SAVED OUR LIVES / I WONDER HOW MANY OTHER GUYS MADE OUT AS WELL?



THE 6. I'S REACHED THE
COMMAND POST...

I THOUGHT I WAS
SEEING GHOSTS /
HOW THE DEVIL
DID YOU GET
OUT OF THAT
CASTLE,
RAINSFORD?

WE PULLED
A FAST BREAK,
SIR / NOW'S
THE SITUATION,
CAPTAIN?



BAD / IT COULDN'T BE WORSE /
THE REDS ARE WORKING LIKE
BEAVERS PUTTING BRIDGES ACROSS.
IF WE DON'T STOP THEM NOW, IT'LL
BE ANOTHER DUNKIRK /



GENERAL BANKS SAID HE
NEEDED YOU MEN DESPERATELY
- IF YOU WERE STILL ALIVE.
SOMETHING BIG IS COOKING /



WE'RE BURE GLAD TO SEE
YOU, SERGEANT / WE ALMOST
SAVE UP HOPE FOR YOU
AND YOUR SQUAD /

WE'VE HAD LUCK.
GENERAL, BUT IT'S
BEGINNING TO RUN THER /



GENERAL BANKS QUICKLY OUTLINED THE MISSION...

MAJOR DORP AND LT. WEXLER
ARE MEMBERS OF THE O.S.S.
THEY MUST GET ACROSS THE
RHINE TOMORROW NIGHT /

OUR CONTACTS ON THE
OTHER SIDE CAN HELP
CRIPPLE THE RUSSIAN
OFFENSIVE WE ALSO
HAVE A PLAN OF OUR
OWN



YOUR SQUAD WAS THE
LAST ONE TO LEAVE RED
TERRITORY YOU KNOW
THE TERRAIN WELL / WILL
YOU ACT AS SCOUTS?

YES, SIR /
JUST TELL US
WHERE YOU
WANT TO GO /





WHAT DO YOU SAY, BOYS?

WE'LL GO, JEFF / IT'S OKAY AS LONG AS YOU LEAD!



I TOLD YOU, MAJOR, WE COULD RELY ON THEM / NOW, GET SOME REST / YOU MEET HERE AT EIGHT TOMORROW NIGHT!

WE'LL HAVE ALL NECESSARY EQUIPMENT WAITING FOR YOU!

THE NEXT EVENING, THE PATROL LEFT THE C.P. ...



HERE'S THE MOUTH OF THE PASSAGEWAY I TOLD YOU ABOUT. THIS LEADS TO THE CASTLE NEAR THE RIVER!

THE CASTLE WAS REACHED WITHOUT INCIDENT ...

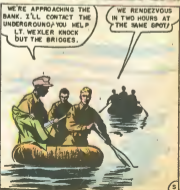


SHHH... A RED SENTRY... I'LL HANDLE IT!



HE'S FINISHED / MOVE OUT THOUGH THAT HOLE / THE RIVER'S RIGHT BELOW!

GOOD, THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE!



WE'RE APPROACHING THE BANK. I'LL CONTACT THE UNDERGROUND / YOU HELP LT. WEXLER KNOCK OUT THE BRIDGES.

WE RENDEZVOUS IN TWO HOURS AT THE SAME SPOT!

Q53. MAJOR DORP, IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, SLIPPED QUIETLY INTO THE NEAREST TOWN.

HE DOESN'T SEE ME YET BUT HE'S COMING RIGHT TOWARD ME / I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!



Помогайте!



MOMENTS LATER, IN AN ABANDONED SCHOOL CELLAR.

GESSLER, YOU TAKE THE AMMO DEPOT, RASKOB, THE PETROL SUPPLIES, BERGER, THE TANK DEPOT!

JA, WE ARE READY TO ACT AT ONCE / THE RUSSIANS MUST BE STOPPED AT THE RHINE!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RHINE...

IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN AN HOUR, PICK UP MAJOR DORP AND HEAD FOR HOME. DON'T WAIT A MINUTE LONGER.

BUT, LIEUTENANT, WHAT ABOUT YOU AND JEFF?

FOLLOW THE LIEUTENANT'S ORDERS, WILLIE! YOU'VE GOT TO GET BACK WITH YOUR REPORT!

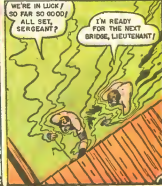


THEY PUT UP THREE PONTOON BRIDGES / WE'LL SWIM TO THE LAST ONE AND TAKE THE OTHER TWO ON THE WAY BACK!



WE'RE IN LUCK / SO FAR SO GOOD! ALL SET, SERGEANT?

I'M READY FOR THE NEXT BRIDGE, LIEUTENANT!



AT THE SECOND BRIDGE

THIS IS THE NEW EXPLOSIVE, POLYTOMIC.
NEXT TO AN ATOM BOMB,
THERE'S NOTHING
MORE POWERFUL!



SUDDENLY

LOOK OUT!
RED SENTRY!



LIEUTENANT... HOW BAD
DID HE GET YOU.
NEED HELP?

NO, ONE BULLET
ONLY STUNNED ME!
I JUST HAVE A SLIGHT
FLESH WOUND! C'MON,
LET'S GET THAT LAST
BRIDGE WIRED!



THE TWO MEN MOVED TO THE LAST BRIDGE, FIXED THE EXPLOSIVES, AND BEGAN TO MOVE AWAY...

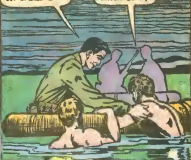
JUST IN TIME! THEY'RE BEGINNING TO ROLL HEAVY STUFF ACROSS. THEY NEARLY GOT US.

DIVE FOR THE BOTTOM! IF THAT BEAM FINDS US, WE'RE DEAD FISH!



WE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER WHEN THAT GUY OPENED UP

START PADDLING, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO PICK UP MAJOR DORP!



SUDDENLY GIANTIC BLASTS ECHOED FROM THE DISTANCE...

MAJOR DORP'S LATE... SAY, WHAT'S THAT?

THE UNDERGROUND AT WORK. MAJOR DORP DELIVERED THE EXPLOSIVES! HE'S DUE AT RENDEZVOUS SPOT IN TWENTY MINUTES!



THE MINUTES WENT BY...

THOSE BRIDGES'LL GO UP ANY MINUTE NOW!

HERE'S THE MEETING POINT... AND THERE'S DORP... OVER ON THE BANK



GREAT SHOW! WHEN'RE THE BRIDGES BLASTING?

WE'RE WAITING FOR THE BRIDGE TO BE FILLED WITH HEAVY STUFF. AS LONG AS WE'RE BLOWING IT UP, WE MIGHT AS WELL SEND SOME RUSSKY MEN AND TANKS UP WITH IT!



ANOTHER MINUTE NOW, MEN -- AND BAM!





AS THE DEBRIS SETTLED...

WHAT A BLAST! AND LOOK—THE REDS ON THIS RIDGE ARE PANICKED AND THEIR ESCAPE IS CUT OFF!

GOOD NOW LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!



THE DEMOLITION CREW REACHED THE HEIGHTS OF THE CASTLE AGAIN.

THE REDS'RE TRAPPED LIKE RATS! THAT'S OUR ATOMIC ARTILLERY FINISHING THE JOB!

AND THE END OF THAT RED OFFENSIVE.



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...

A MAGNIFICENT JOB, WORTHY OF COMMENDATION FROM SUPREME U.N. HEADQUARTERS. YOU MEN HAVE DESERVED THE HIGHEST HONORS THAT CAN BE BESTOWED.

LARDNER-BACK
WROTE WORDS



THE NEXT MORNING...

HERE WE ARE BACK AT THE OLD CASTLE IT'S SURE QUIET AND PEACEFUL TODAY

WE STOPPED THEN THIS TIME ^{WELL 4000} LONG BEFORE THE NEXT MOVE? AND WHEN DO WE START THE OFFENSIVE?



THE END

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be chosen about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grumpy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, he's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are... and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them... if they start to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man"... super at track, games, sports of all kinds... who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hunk men! You can't show off your muscled left bicep when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, the greener, will take care of that. BUT MAKE UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of Paris, maybe! And even good make-up "ships" at a dance! So don't take chances, cut though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And flush with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

A comic strip featuring four characters. The first character says, "I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?". The second character replies, "ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM". The third character says, "TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES?". The fourth character replies, "FRANKLY, JIM THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS".

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!
UGLY BLACKHEADS
OUT in Seconds with
VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores... make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!

ACTUAL
LENGTH
3½"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and get yours only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing 21¢ with guaranteed money. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!

A woman is shown using the VACUTEX device on her face. A speech bubble from her says, "AREN'T YOU GLAD WE HEARD ABOUT VACUTEX".

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

MAILCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 23
19 West 44th St., New York 36, N.Y.
☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

Magic Dutch Rock Garden Grows in 4 DAYS



only

\$1.00

Grows
in 4 Days
Lasts for months
in any season

Winter-Summer,
Spring or Fall
Grow grasses green
and flowers tall.

Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

Over a hundred square inches of garden — Special wishing pool in the center — An American flag and pole — Two attractive butterflies that look like they're flying — Your own container. Just look at the list!

EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items—you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil. Lovely flower seeds . . . Practical, attractive container . . . Bright colored, metal butterflies. Little Dutch boy and girl . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes . . . Stimulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog . . . Many other exciting features.

magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—they'll all want you to show them how!

For Boys and Girls of All Ages

Here's a beautiful garden all your own for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun. You'll surprise your family and friends with what you know and what you can do!

10 Day Trial FREE

If you are not 100% delighted with this Garden just send it back. We will refund the full purchase price at once. Rush Coupon now!

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. 12
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman \$1 plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for my garden. You pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

